

The history

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,
This infant warrier in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Dowglas tane him once,
Enlargd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy Northumberland,
The Archbishops grace of York, Dowglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore do I tel these newes to thee?
Why Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shal not find it so,
And God forgie them that so much haue swaide
Your maiesties good thoughts away from me,
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And stain my fauors in a bloody maske,
Which washt away shall scoure my shame with it,
And that shal be the day when ere it lights,
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled, For the time will com
That I shal make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

of Henry the fo

And I will call him to so strickt acco
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of h
Or I will teare the reckoning from hi
This in the name of God I promise
The which if he be pleasd I shall per
I do beseech your maiesty may salu
The long grown wounds of my inte
If not, the end of life cancels all band
And I will die a hundred thousand d
Ere breake the smallest parcell of thi
King. A hundred thousand rebels
Thou shalt haue charge and souerai
How now good blunt thy lookes are

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sen
That Dowglas and the English Reb
The elcuenth of this month at Shrew
A mighty and a fearefull head they a
If promises be kept on euery hand,
As euer offred foule play in a state.

King. The Earle of Westmerland
With him my sonne Lord Iohn of L
For this aduertisement is fise daies o
On Wednesday next, Harry you sha
On thursday we our selues will march
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall
Through Gloucestershire, by which a
Our businesse valued some twelue d
Our general forces at Bridgenorth sh
Our hands are full of businesse, lets a
Aduanrage feedes him fat while mer

Enter Falstaffe

Fal. Bardoll, am I not false away
do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Wh
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I
apple Iohn, Well, ile repent and th